He is within and two reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly sute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe designes and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing them then our generall good.
Are come to haue some conference with his grace.

Cat. Ile tell him what you say my *Lord*. *Exit.*

Buc. A ha my *Lord*, this Prince is not an *Edward*:
He is not lulling on a lewd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull soule,
Happy were *England*, would this gracious prince:
Take on himselfe the soueraignety thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.

Ma. Marry God for bid his grace should say vs nay.

Enter Catesby.

Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*.
What sayes your *Lord*?

Cat. My L. he wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troopes of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My *Lord*, he feares you meane no good to him.

Buc. Sorry I am my noble cousen should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him,
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace:
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweete is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich, and two Bishops aloft.

Mai. See where he stands betweene two Clergimen.

Buc. Two propes of vertue for a Christian Prince:
To stay him from the fall of vanity,

Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious Prince,
Lend fauorable eares to my request:
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such Apology,
I rather doe beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your graces pleasure

Buc Euen that I hope which pleaseth God ab
And all good men of this vngouernd Ile.

Glo. I doe suspect, I haue done some offence
That seeme disgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance:

Buc. You haue my Lord: would it please yo
At our intreaties to amend that fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian la

Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resig
The Supreame Seate, the throane maiesticall,
The Scepter office of your Ancestors.
The lineall glory of your royall House,
To the corruption of a blemisht stocke:
Whilest in the mildenesse of your sleepy thoug
Which heere we waken to your Countries good
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with scars of infamy,
And almost shouldred in this swallowing gulp
Of blind forgetfullnesse and darke obliuion:
Which to recouer we hartily solicite
Your gracious selfe to take on you the soueraign
Not as *Protector*, Steward, Substitute,
Nor lowly factor for an others gaine?
But as successiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth your Empery, your owne:
For this consorted with the Citizens,
Your worshipfull and very louing friends,
And by there vehement instigation,
In this iust sute come I to moue your Grace.

Glo. I know not whither to depart in silence.